

## SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN.

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### FROM MT. ROSE TO MT. SHASTA AND LASSEN BUTTES.

BY J. E. CHURCH, JR.

Shortly after Commencement Day in 1897, in company with a party from the University of Nevada, I made the ascent of Mt. Rose, the loftiest of the group of peaks to the south-west of Lake Tahoe. From the summit we saw on the distant horizon to the north-of-west a bold snow-clad mountain, apparently much higher than the one on which we stood. It was a lone butte, pyramidal in shape, and lay far beyond the main crest of the Sierra. I had often heard that Mt. Shasta could be seen on clear days from Mt. Rose, but its nearness puzzled me. This mountain was not over 150 miles from us, while Mt. Shasta, at a conservative estimate, should be 240 miles distant. A lingering desire, therefore, to visit Mt. Shasta, which Mrs. Church and I had had ever since our return from Yosemite, became a definite resolution to solve the doubt by a closer inspection of the mountain in dispute.

The way overland seemed long, and possibly tedious, but was better adapted to our purpose than the speedier trip by rail; for it made possible all the delights of camping and traveling in the very heart of nature. Our means of conveyance consisted of two saddle horses loaded with bed-

ding, cooking utensils, and supplies enough to last us from town to town. The trip was to take twenty-one days, but it was actually thirty-one before we saw home again.

Our course, as far as Susanville, followed, in a general way, the low, broken ridge of the northern Sierra, through vast forests of pine, cedar, and fir, clothing the long divides and extending far down into the valleys. Beyond Sardine Valley, in the midst of rain and snow, we slid down the muddy grade to Loyalton, only to toil upward again from Beckwith into the mist which was still hovering over the summits. In Clover Valley we took our midday meal under the lee of a bleak point where we might be partially shielded from the cold wind. With a homesick protest against the behavior of our dry climate, we pushed on; and our murmuring was soon changed to glad surprise.

Just where Clover Creek enters the gorge on its way to Genesee Valley, we passed through an extensive formation of conglomerates, worn into the most fantastic shapes. We were in the midst of castles and towers tenanted by faces which gazed upon us from the angles and sides of nearly every rock. In the midst of it all, the road was flanked by two large pillars, which formed a gateway through which we passed from the disagreeable experience of the previous days.

The road now accompanied the river in its rapid descent. Before us lay a deep depression, which threaded its way in and out among the ridges until it was lost to our gaze in the sunset glow. Toward this the river dashed in reckless haste down its deep cañon bed, stopping only long enough to gain strength for its next mad rush over the rocks. With almost equal haste, but less recklessness, the road wound its way along a sharp gash in the cañon wall. At

times it descended sharply to the river bed, only to be forced upward again by some sharp point of rock. At other times it was forced to make a wide detour, but just as often would it hasten back to join its companion. Pines, young and old, green and hoary, clad the steep walls from the foaming rapids far below us to the very snow-tipped summit.

Just at nightfall we reached the valley floor and pitched our camp. Here, just as we were preparing to eat our hard-earned supper in the dull glow of the campfire, we had a last, parting shower, which sent us scurrying to get into our weather coats and pick up our perishables. It was soon over, though; and after drying our bedding and warming up our cold meal, we slept soundly, and next day enjoyed a quiet Sunday in a veritable Yosemite.

From this point we journeyed down the Indian River to Taylorville, and thence to Susanville. At noonday, when at the very crest of the range, there loomed up on our western horizon a large mountain answering closely the description of the lone butte seen from the summit of Mt. Rose. At a distance of forty miles it stood forth in solitary grandeur, clear and distinct in its covering of snow. This mountain we knew to be Lassen Buttes, and determined to visit it upon our return.

At Susanville we remained only long enough to secure the necessary outfit for the remainder of our journey. Here we left the well-known roads and passed directly through the wide ranges inhabited by sheep herders and cattle men. The country was an alternation of gentle pine-clad slopes and broad mountain meadows, enlivened here and there by a peak which raised its head a little above the timber line. Here oppressive silence reigned, broken only by the foot-

beats of the ponies. We might travel fifty miles without seeing a human being presuming that we wished to find one. One man, however, we did look up, and found him after much searching among the meadows, although his cabin was near at hand. He was Galen C. McCoy, a man well worth knowing, and full of tales of experience and adventure in the early times. With him we spent a most interesting day, and then, with the aid of our compass, we struck northwest for the settlements in Fall River Valley, sixty miles away.\*

We had not gone far before we saw on the horizon a fleecy cloud, which presently took on the outline of the mountain we had so long been traveling to see. And when, after much anxious steering of our course from lake to lake and from stream to stream, we reached Fall River, there, at the end of the vista down the valley, stood Mt. Shasta, its rough lines still melting away in the distance, until it resembled a huge cone with its apex in the clouds. Two days more brought us to our destination through a region strewn with lava boulders so thick and sharp that many places would be impassable were it not for a road. The ground was parched. Rivulets trickling down from the snow-clad slopes were nowhere to be found. The porous ashes and cinders absorbed them all, and did not release them until they burst forth in springs and streams far down where the strata cropped out at the base of the mountain.

Varied feelings took possession of us as we slowly rode round the mountain on our way to Sisson, from which place we hoped to climb its rugged sides. The eastern slope

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\*A full account of this portion of the trip has been given in the *SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN* of January, 1898.

appeared to be easy; but on the south, the long serrated ridges which formed the bulwark of the mountain and led directly to the summit, seemed, with their towering pinnacles, to defy any attempt in this direction. The clouds, also, hovering lightly round the summit, made the rocky mass appear a veritable fortress of the gods, whose battlements no mortal might scale. Yet, up this very slope we were destined to make the ascent.

We reached Sisson on July 7th, and at once began to make arrangements for the climb. At first every one dissuaded us from the attempt, urging the heavy snow-fall and the storms which were still raging about the summit. We ourselves were almost on the point of giving up the ascent, when our guide consented to make the attempt next day, if only the clouds would leave the mountain.

The next day was fair. We rode up the narrow, rocky trail through the timber, and finally reached the dwarfed, straggling trees that mark the end of vegetation and the beginning of snow and ice. Here, at an altitude of 8,000 feet, we lay on the pebbly ground near a burning log, and slept till dawn. The guide's daughter had accompanied us thus far, but finally decided to remain in camp.

Our equipment for the day's climb consisted only of absolute essentials: cold cream and dark glasses, to avoid the effects of glare from the snow; a coil of rope for use in slippery places; and heavy coats, in case a fierce wind was encountered on the summit. For food, we filled our pockets with crackers and chocolate, as having most nourishment and least weight. Our heaviest burden was a canteen, which we filled at the only spring on all the mountain side.

At six o'clock, supported by heavy pikes, we began a

weary climb of seven hours straight up the snow, which melted enough with the sun's warmth to form a soft, yet firm, pathway for our feet. We were climbing up the bottom of a steep, snow-filled valley, flanked on either hand by sharp, serrated ridges, leading directly up to a projecting point on the old crater-rim known as Thumb Rock.

We kept in the middle of the crater to avoid the falling rocks, which the freezing and thawing of the cliffs caused to be hurled down with a sound resembling the sharp crack of a rifle. On reaching the last and steepest part of this ascent, we found the snow so hard that we could scarcely gain a foothold, and a misstep meant a sudden slide down among the rocks that projected from the snowfield. We sought, therefore, somewhat more secure footing on a reef of loose stones, which brought us safely nearly up to Thumb Rock.

We had now surmounted the worst obstacles, when my wife, who had become exhausted by the altitude and the recent difficulties encountered, insisted that she be permitted to continue the climb by herself to Thumb Rock, while the guide and I hastened on to gain the summit while time permitted. We had not gone far when a stone turned beneath my feet and went rolling down the mountain. I thought every moment that it would stop, but every bound only accelerated its speed, until it went like a cannon-ball in its wild course over the rocks. I immediately thought of my companion sitting on the reef directly in its path. But nothing could be done, and I stood weighing the chances of its flying off to one side. Hearing its rumbling, she had now jumped up, and I could see the rock pass her a few yards to the right.

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LOWER OR CRATER SUMMIT OF MT. SHASTA.

Photo by John Oltman, Sisson, Cal.



On reaching Thumb Rock, we paused a few moments to gaze into the giddy depths; then casting aside rope and canteen, we hastened up the remaining 1,500 feet over Black Hill, and came out upon the level top of the mountain. This had formerly been the principal Shasta crater, perhaps about a mile in diameter. Its walls are now entirely gone, except a small fragment on the north-east side. On this narrow ruin, 14,444 feet above the sea, the Coast Survey years ago erected a small sheet-iron pillar, surmounted by a bell-shaped reflector, intended to be used in the triangulation of this region.\* It was to this "monument" that a horse, chartered by the Examiner, was said to have climbed last season, and that, too, with a young lady on its back. If it did so, it must have been a Pegasus, or been assisted by rope and tackle part of the way at least.

The lower, or so-called Crater Summit, which forms the western spur of the main peak is a typical crater, surmounted by a low cinder cone. It was so thoroughly extinct that there was a frozen lake near the outer edge. This summit is easily accessible from the one above, but being 2,500 feet lower down, the exertion of returning prevents nearly all mountain climbers from visiting it.

Our first task was to clear the ice from the record book and record the unusual weather conditions by which we were favored. The air was perfectly calm, and the sun shone as warmly as in the May days. Such a condition at an altitude of 10,000 or over have I found only twice out of six times. From the record, but one ascent earlier in the season than the present one had been made in any year, when four guides, including my companion, had carried

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\* The device was found to be utterly worthless for the purpose, and the reflecting bell is now completely tarnished.

fireworks to the summit one Fourth of July several years before.

During our upward climb, the horizon had gradually been receding, until there was an uninterrupted view for nearly 200 miles in every direction.

To the south we could trace the Sacramento Valley, its air tremulous with the heat, almost to Sacramento.

To the south-east, as far as the eye could see, the landscape was a mere billowy waste of mountains, unbroken save by Lassen Buttes in the foreground. On the horizon, and almost lost in the haze, I could discern a minute rounded summit. It may have been Mt. Rose. To the north the Sierras gradually dwindled away until they were merged into the Cascades.

An hour and more had quickly passed. It was now 3 P. M., and we must hasten down. Under no consideration could we remain on the mountain over night; for without fire we must surely suffer. Just below the "monument" we visited some hot springs, just a remnant of the hot times when rock instead of water was boiling at the same place. We gathered a few specimens and hastened on.

While coming down Black Hill, my pike slipped from my hand, and I went sliding over a precipice and into our old crater below. So I had to move cautiously along, depending only upon the nails in my shoes. After a few slips and slides with safe recovery, we reached Thumb Rock, and found Mrs. Church awaiting our arrival. She had succeeded in reaching the altitude of 13,000 feet, but declared that height to be her limit.

The snow slope, which had now been softened considerably by the sun, extended from this point without a break to within half a mile of our camp, and would afford us a

quick, smooth passage for three miles if we would entrust ourselves to it. The example of the guide sliding away from us brought us to a decision. We laid a barley sack upon the snow, sat down tandem upon it, held our feet straight before us as snow catchers, and dropped swiftly, yet safely, toward the lower levels. We reached camp within two hours after leaving the summit, although we had spent seven toiling up.

The young lady who remained in camp had a far different experience. A mountain lion came through the camp, sniffed at the horses, and after giving its characteristic childlike wail, departed, leaving the young lady unnoticed and the dog shivering with fright near a snow-bank.

We quickly saddled our impatient horses and descended through the twilight 5,000 feet more to Sisson.

We were tired indeed, but started next day on our return trip down the cañon of the Sacramento River to visit the beautiful Shasta Mineral Springs and the famous tavern at the foot of Castle Crag. When we came into the yellow fields, with their stately oaks so like those of our native State, we were happy. But soon the intense heat drove us to other thoughts, and not even the delicious fruits could stay our progress toward the cooler pines and mountains we had but recently left. We turned directly east from Anderson, and began to ascend the long lava slopes surrounding Lassen Buttes, the next goal of our journey. Arrived at the Buttes, we spent three days amid very interesting surroundings. One adventurous climb was in search of Bumpass' Hell, or, as I should call it, the Devil's Kitchen. Here pots of mud and mineral paint were slowly boiling and slopping their contents over their sides; then a huge tea-kettle was puffing merrily; while steam came hissing and

screaming from the vents of a steamer under the cliff. On the other side of the "kitchen" a large reservoir, filled with hot water from the springs and cold water from the melting snow, provided a comfortable bath. The ground all round the springs was salt, and one had the sensation of breaking through as he passed from one boiling spring to another. No wonder then that Bumpass, an old trapper, who fell through and scalded his feet in the boiling mud, when asked about his mishap, said that he thought he had been to hell. So this place took his name and his designation; but recently the Government substituted for this popular term the less interesting name Bumpass Hot Springs.

The next day I climbed alone to the top of Lassen Butte (10,400 feet high). This butte is a cinder cone, surmounted by a cap of shattered rock, which thus far has resisted the pulverizing efforts of nature. The sides of the cone, however, are beds of yielding cinders so steep that it would be almost impossible to gain a foothold in them. But on the south eastern edge, heavier strata crop out and form a cinder path directly to the summit, up which a horse might be taken.

From the summit I could look down into other old craters, black as furnaces, dotting the ridge to the north and the south. Each of these formed a peak or butte by itself. Therefore, I suppose, the plural designation, Lassen Buttes, was given to the group.

But most charming and longest to be remembered were the lakes lying nestled among the wooded slopes—gems of emerald and crystal in their settings of rock.

I took a long farewell of old Shasta, which was only one hundred miles away, and frowned all things else in that direction into insignificance. Yet I had to look carefully

to distinguish its white outlines through the hazy atmosphere which encircled it. Therefore, it seemed probable that if it appeared so indistinct from Lassen Buttes, it could not be seen at all from Mt. Rose, which was twice as far distant.\*

The remainder of our journey was uneventful. We rode continuously for six days through the Big Meadows, Indian, American, Mohawk and Sierra Valleys, in order to reach home by the end of the week.

On Friday, being mindful of the old adage that "Last impressions linger longest," we wished to make our last camp at Lake Independence, amid most beautiful surroundings. But when three miles distant from the lake, we found nailed to the signboard the following legend: "Campers not allowed." Since our appearance placed us decidedly in that class, we turned sadly away. But there was a comfort in our disappointment; we would the sooner reach home. So we retraced our steps, and after a last night among the hills, descended once more with strengthened minds and bodies to resume our daily tasks.

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\*On October 30, an unusually clear day, I ascended Mt. Rose to search a last time for Mt. Shasta. The recent fall of snow upon the higher peaks gave me a means of determining the relative heights of the mountains. The lone pyramidal peak seen in June was not over 8,000 feet high, and was too far west to be even Lassen Buttes. It is probably Sierra Butte, near Sierra City. But directly northwest, and much farther away, Lassen Buttes could be seen for the first time. I gazed long and intently at the sky directly beyond them where I had hoped to get a glimpse of the towering summit of Mt. Shasta, but my sight could not penetrate the faint mist on the horizon. I was convinced that Mt. Shasta would never be seen unless the atmosphere were phenomenally clear, and such occasions would only occur in the depth of winter. But even then success would be improbable, for the greatest distance at which observers have been able to signal—from Mt. Shasta to Mt. Helena, 190 miles—is 40 miles less than the distance now sought to be traversed.

## A YOSEMITE DISCOVERY.

BY CHARLES A. BAILEY.

That there are three superior points of observation in Yosemite has long been accepted as a well-attested fact. That there should remain undiscovered a fourth point whose base upholds a well-beaten trail and whose summit, but a stone throw from the trail, commands a view to be classed with that of Inspiration Point, Glacier Point, and Cloud's Rest, may well awaken our interest and surprise. Nor is that surprise lessened when we consider that Yosemite has been continuously ransacked by zealous devotees whose search for every charm has been characterized by the greatest daring and enthusiasm.

A characteristic common to the three noted points mentioned is the scope afforded the vision. One is impressed with magnitude and variety, but detail is lost in immensity.

The wealth of beauty in Yosemite is found in her living, leaping waters and their immediate surroundings. Come in touch with them, beauty unfolds, becomes expressive and radiant. The best point to behold beauty, then, must be near the spot where most waters boldly leap from the finest heights and tumble and swirl along the most rugged depths.

After many clamberings in Yosemite, the idea became an absorbing one: how remarkable and delightful such a point would be, especially if from it the vision could embrace five such waterfalls as Upper and Lower Yosemite, Vernal, Nevada, and Illilouette.

With this end in view, the expansive heights and depths of Glacier Point, and the uplifted, ragged rim from Royal Arches to Eagle Peak were sought and traversed without avail. Springing from out the long flank of Half Dome, peering among the cañons, was the defiant and untrodden Grizzly Peak. Here the obstacles were great, but the incentive was greater, so the only known ascent of Grizzly Peak was accomplished, but the reward was incomplete. Vernal and Nevada were near, and thus more beautiful. Upper and Lower Yosemite were clearly seen, but the Illilouette was partially hidden behind a cliff.

To Walter E. Dennison, a most worthy mountain companion, I suggested the idea for a further search which he heartily approved.

Rough triangulations were then made to locate the converging point of the lines of vision of the five waterfalls. This led to the selection of the flank of Grizzly Peak.

An invitation was then extended to Mr. Andrew Dalziel to accompany us, which he accepted. Up the long sweep of talus, over the straggling benches, out and along Grizzly's flank, down to the humble abutment where the rivers join; there the idea was wrought into the ideal.

On that lowly crag one may stand without change of position and behold those five wondrous waterfalls—a crag adding completeness to Yosemite visions, and one that will ever endear itself to the appreciative who haply may find it.

That this point might no longer remain incognito, but be known to all lovers of Yosemite, on June 14, 1897, accompanied by Walter E. Magee and Warren Cheney, of Berkeley, by right of discovery shared by W. E. Dennison, I deposited thereon Register Box of the Sierra Club, No. 15, and took the liberty of naming it Sierra Point, in honor of the Sierra Club, and raised a flag bearing the name.

The day following, I was accompanied by those two noted veterans, Professor Joseph Le Conte, of the University of California, and Galen Clark, of Yosemite, also by Percy Gaskill, Raymond and Bryant Bailey, the latter aged 13.

We were soon joined by Mr. H. L. A. Culmer, of Salt Lake City, and by Miss Charmian Kittredge, who was the first lady to make the ascent.

For the guidance of others, I monumented three rough pedestrian trails thereto, each starting from the Vernal and Nevada trail; one opposite the Happy Isles, about seventy-five yards below the drinking tub; another a little below Point Rea; the other just above. The upper trails are shorter, and encounter less loose debris.

Within a few days after the raising of the flag, the ascent was accomplished by eight ladies and others. It may be leisurely made in about forty-five minutes.

On July 12th, at a regular meeting of the Yosemite Commissioners, in recognition of services rendered and the great interest manifested in Yosemite by the Sierra Club, Sierra Point was officially christened, and so let it be, for perhaps no other point can more worthily bear the name.

Perched on the eastern edge of the great flank of Half Dome is a singular granite wall. Sharpened to a ridge on top, its base spreads out several hundred feet. Its length may be several thousand feet, its height five hundred.

At the upper end is the abutment that withstood the glaciers that cut down the wide-spreading flank of Half Dome, and left the bare, inclined western portion of this wall, which no man can scale.

At the lower end is the abutment that breasted the rushing volume of the combined plunging waters, now extending down to the river's brim. Its eastern face is



furrowed, seamed and broken into irregular blocks, resting one on the other, which at any time may fall in greater mass than that avalanche which recently crashed in thunder from Glacier Point, moved the forest, covered with its dust the Happy Isles, and darkened the sun from the Royal Arches to Casa Nevada.

The base of this wall is so inclined that the upper part exceeds the lower 1000 feet in altitude.

The lower or southern end of this wall breaks away in benches, contracting to narrow ledges at its sheer western side, and broadening out against the abrupt edge of its eastern side. The upper abutment forms Grizzly Peak; the lower abutment forms Sierra Point.

The surface of this point is triangular—shrinking from forty feet wide to a sharp angle in a length of 100 feet, and is covered with broken rocks, hurled from above. One rock furnishes water immediately after a rain—others form a rough-hewn sepulcher—among others spring two Douglas spruce, one of which bears the flag.

Crouching so low among the mighty as to be in almost perpetual shadow, is this remarkable point in Yosemite.

Grayer than Sentinel Rock, uncouth as Indian Cañon, low as Royal Arch, obscurity seemed to be its destiny. Apparently unworthy of name or notice, no one clambered its side or sought its summit. The only attention it ever had was the blasting from its side of the Vernal and Nevada trail.

It stands at the junction of the Merced and Illilouette cañons, and there it stood, ragged and sheer, while the mountains were shattered and the gorges were hewn when Yosemite was born.

Its easiest ascent demands a climb; its very summit is

broken and angular, and there, from an area of about one yard square, and from there only, and in their greatest relative nearness, can be seen those five great waterfalls of Yosemite.

Nearest eastward is Vernal, in all its beauty; above and beyond, Nevada. Southward is seen the full length of Illilouette Cañon, in its bare ruggedness, with Illilouette Fall in profile at its upper end. Westward are seen Upper and Lower Yosemite Falls; also Eagle Point, Yosemite Point, and Lost Arrow.

Down the cañons wind the rivers and extend the forests. Creeping up the opposite heights to a like altitude are piles of talus. The new lie exposed against the cliffs, the old are buried among the pines.

Nor are the pines sepulchral. Scrambling up the great walls, lining ledges, standing in niches, surmounting pinnacles, grasping rocks of high place, in stateliness they flourish and adorn.

Across the cañons are the massive, towering walls of Glacier Point and Panorama Rock, meeting at a right angle, the angle broken by the rugged cañon of the Illilouette.

Sweeping grandly down is the great corner buttress of Glacier Point, supplemented by a series of seven others so securely laid that old Popocatepetl might rest firmly on them.

At your feet the cañons join, and the waters meet to go dashing together in the swelling Merced; behind is the upward, sprawling sweep of Grizzly Peak.

At hand are the Royal Arches, North Dome, Washington Column, and absorbing details of beauty and immensity. The Cap of Liberty stands forth, flanked by Mount Brod-

erick; Casa Nevada nestles at its feet, ever enriched by the beautiful Vernal and Nevada. The choice of Yosemite is about you; the waters are gathered to sing their loudest refrain while beauty triumphs.

Comparatively humble as Sierra Point is, it may become more humble still, may crumble to the sands that lie at its base, and yet forever remain the same, for it is the converging point of vision of the five great waterfalls.

Do you want a vision? An exalted ambition will lead every lover of nature there to see, for there the receptive soul may thrill and expand, and thence bear away beautiful memories forever.

To Cloud's Rest we may ascribe the most comprehensive view of the Sierra; to Glacier Point the most complete view of Yosemite cañons; to Inspiration Point, an inspiring view; to El Capitan we will bow as the colossal greeting and farewell, and yet declare that Sierra Point is the point of beauty, the one altogether lovely.

## ASCENT OF THE WHITE MOUNTAIN OF NEW MEXICO.

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BY LIEUTENANT N. F. MCCLURE, U. S. A.

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On almost any clear day, if one climb to the top of the water-tower at Fort Bliss, Texas, and look to the north-northeast over the great plain lying in that direction, he will see, above the distant horizon, a single peak. It is the great White Mountain or Sierra Blanca of New Mexico. If asked how far it is, the uninitiated would say about fifty miles, and would estimate its height at 8,000 feet. But distances and altitudes are deceptive in the clear atmosphere of the Southwest. It is 112 miles away in an air-line, and rises to a height above the sea level of 12,000 feet. It is one of the grandest mountains in New Mexico, though several higher ones may be seen in the northern part of that Territory.

On November 1, 1897, my troop, "A," Fifth Cavalry, Captain A. C. Macomb, commanding, started on its annual practice march from Fort Bliss, Texas. On the 6th we camped at the Mescalero Indian Agency, a beautiful spot among the pine forests of the Sacramento Mountains. From this point to the summit of the White Mountains, by the shortest route, is twenty miles. I had often longed to scale that majestic mass, and the opportunity had at last arrived. Owing to an unfortunate accident to one of our men, we remained in camp on the 7th and 8th. We were to begin our return march on the 10th; so this left us the 9th only to devote to the journey. At 6 A.M. on that

day, Captain Macomb and I, with two of our men and an Indian named Marion as guide, left our camp at the agency and proceeded north up one of the cañons coming down to the main stream near that place.

It was bitter cold, but after a ride of five miles through beautiful pine forests similar to those of our beloved Sierra Nevada, we came out on the main divide, and, the country being here more open, we began to feel the warmth of the tardy sun. There was something exhilarating in that dry, cold, crisp atmosphere, and, well-mounted as we were, we could not help feeling the beauty of the panorama of forest and mountain now unrolling before us.

After traveling three miles farther, the formation became different, the ridges grew more rocky, and the pines and firs changed into scrub oak in such thickets that riding became quite difficult. Here turkeys and deer abound. We killed several of the former, but none of the latter. After getting out of the first cañon, we kept on the main divide, bearing a little west of north, and gradually ascended, until Carrizo Spring, fifteen miles from the agency, was reached. Here the timber practically ended, and the next five miles lay up the rocky ridge leading to the peak from the south. In places snow covered the ground, rendering the traveling difficult, while a sharp wind which had sprung up made the atmosphere biting and chilly.

It was 2:05 P. M. when we finally dismounted at the foot of the last steep slope, and left our horses sheltered in a sunny nook on the lee side of the main ridge.

The summit now appeared to be about 200 feet above us, but we called it 1,000 by the time we reached it. It was 2:40 P. M. before we stood beside a large granite monument on the extreme top, and gazed in wonder

at the scene of grandeur unfolded to our view. It was singularly clear, and the field of vision was limited only by the rotundity of the earth. To the north gray hills and plains, alternating, gradually shaded away into the great peaks rising near Santa Fé and Las Vegas Hot Springs. To the northeast, and comparatively near, could be seen old Fort Stanton. To the east for many miles lay timbered mountains, which gently sloped away into the valley of the Pecos River, and this in turn merged into the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain. To the southwest rose the Guadalupe mountains, amidst whose arid, barren slopes a squadron of my old regiment, the Fourth Cavalry, once underwent great hardships through the incompetency of a guide, being three days and two nights without water. To the south the Hueco mountains could be seen 100 miles away, and beyond these, peaks of some of the ranges of Old Mexico, 150 miles distant, were dimly outlined. Thirty miles to the west lay the San Andrés Mountains, and south of these, in succession, came the Organ Mountains and the Franklin Mountains. At the southern end of the latter are El Paso and Fort Bliss, 112 miles as the crow flies. Two objects on the desert to the west deserve special mention. One is the "White Sands," a great field of granulated gypsum, fifteen miles wide by thirty long. This gypsum is almost pure, and the wind has collected it into great cream-colored (almost white) drifts, some of which reach a height of over fifty feet. This wonderful formation lies on an otherwise open plain, and how it came there no man knows. Measurements made at its eastern border show that it is drifting eastward at the rate of twelve feet per year.

To the north of the "White Sands," and covering the

plain for a distance of twenty-five miles in length and six in breadth, lies the "Mal Pais," or ancient lava flow. It was distinctly visible from one point of vantage, but as I have never been nearer than on that day, I will attempt no description of it.

Stuck in a crevice of the granite monument, we found a tin can with the names of a number of students of the New Mexico Agricultural College written on a piece of paper therein. We put our names "on the list," though our hands were so numb from the cold that we could scarcely write. For this reason, and on account of the limited time, we tarried but a few minutes on the summit.

It was 3:15 P.M. when we reached the spot where we had left our horses. The short November day was rapidly coming to a close, when we again drew rein at Carrizo Spring, and we determined to take a different route back to camp from this point. We knew that traveling through these heavy oak thickets after dark would be nearly impossible. We now started down the little stream from the spring, and were soon in the depths of a mighty cañon. It was long after dark before we emerged into the comparatively open country and turned south. Fortunately, the moon was shining, and we now began to make time. Our guide never faltered. On and on, over meadows and hills and valleys, through underbrush and forests, he held his way. It was bitter cold, and I had no overcoat, but by jumping off my horse and leading for a half-mile now and then, I managed to keep from freezing.

It was nearly 10 P.M. when we finally rode into camp, tired, chilled and hungry, but feeling that the journey had been well worth the hardships encountered and overcome.

The White Mountain is the main peak of a range called

"The White Mountains," in south-central New Mexico. There are a number of peaks in that Territory on the great ridge running south from Colorado which are higher than Sierra Blanca, but I venture to say that from none of them is there such an extended view as the one which we enjoyed that day.

To the west of the peak we noticed a large, square-shaped patch of thick fir forest growing in a cañon a thousand feet below the summit. So regular in form was it, and so well-defined were its ledges, that it appeared almost as though planted there by the hand of man. The thickness of the branches was attested by the heavy snow lying unmelted beneath them. We were struck by the small quantity of snow at other places on or near the top, and by the amount of luxuriant grass growing all the way up, even to the very summit.

The view from the White Mountain is remarkably open and unobstructed. Like Shasta, it stands so far above everything within a hundred miles of it that all else appears insignificant when compared to it. Its name arises from the fact that during eight months of the year the highest part is covered with snow, which is quite notable in a warm, dry country. In many places in New Mexico they will tell you that Sierra Blanca is 14,000 feet high, but I am inclined to believe that it is but little, if any, in excess of 12,000 feet.



## A DAY WITH MT. TACOMA.

BY BOLTON COIT BROWN.

Stage loads upon stage loads of Mazamas moving toward Mt. Tacoma had reached Longmire's Springs. Pack-animals with tents, and Captain Skinner with his restaurant, had gone up ahead to the snow-line in Paradise Park. The main body was to follow and camp there to-morrow. But my time was limited; "large bodies move slowly;" and since it was but 3,000 feet, I went up myself that afternoon.

Surely an Esquimau must have named it "Paradise," for its arctic surroundings. The altitude is 7,000 feet, and now in the middle of July the ground was half covered with heaped snow, while far below, in their deep gorges, flowed glaciers. Above, the mountain was simply sheathed in snow-covered ice-rivers that flowed down from the vast rounded summit—as once lava did—and broke into iceberg-cascades and stupendous ice-cliffs on a scale of fearful and amazing bigness.

The tents were so pitched as to make the most of the poor shelter given by the last few groups of spruce trees. I had in mind to rise very early and make a push for the summit on the morrow, returning the same day. Thus I should be back at the Springs on time for a certain stage. No one had been up this year; but I knew the route from at least three or four careful descriptions of it by persons who had been over it. I once ascended Mt. Shasta in this way, climbing more than 6,000 feet of wind-swept slopes. It was a very snowy season, and deep snow lay far below

the timber line. Yet I got up, alone, the first ascent of the year, too, and without the slightest serious trouble. There was cold wind, fatigue and nausea—that was about all. There seemed no reason why I should not try Mt. Tacoma in the same way. When I mentioned my plan to Captain Skinner, he told me that several such ascents had been made, one of them by a man who had neither ice-axe nor alpenstock. Though I am but an amateur mountaineer, yet I thought I could at least try to do what these men had done. And the Captain—"an elderly naval man," with a hopeful face, a white beard, and a head that experience has leveled, and the ability to distinguish between mere possibilities of awful things and the actual chances of having them happen to you—he said he thought I was all right to try, and that I should probably make it.

Towards midnight I crept into my very inadequate sleeping bag, and shivered away a miserable period in the corner of the tent. I may have slept an hour. At one I called on Captain Skinner, and, while I dressed for the march, he actually rose from his warm blankets and cooked me a hot breakfast, which is a thing one fully appreciates when about to attack the last 8,000 feet of Mt. Tacoma at 2 o'clock in the morning.

As we stood outside the tent, the weather showed none too promising. It was warmish and damp, with some solid-looking clouds obscuring the moon and stars. Still, there was a fair chance that it would clear off, and I decided to start. I looked towards the great peak but it was clothed with darkness. I paused and waited; and it chattered its cold teeth at me, and the echoes told of falling rocks far up among the desolate solitudes.

My provisions were a lunch of dried fruits and meat,

with some cheese and a pound of chocolate in my pocket. Of course I carried smoked goggles and strips of black cloth to tie over my face on the snow. I wore two complete suits of Jagir's heaviest underwear, besides a thick woolen camp-shirt, an ordinary suit of clothes, and a pair of blue overalls, lashed at the calf with a string in place of a legging. Also, I had a good alpenstock.

The peak lay to the north, but in order to avoid a basin that looked suspicious in the dark, I first trudged over the snow a mile eastward. Then I came to something like a white granite wall or ledge. It proved to be the edge of a great glacier. I got up on it, and its smooth, broad surface furnished excellent walking. Turning to the north, I now moved over this deep ice pavement towards the peak—visible only as a place in the sky where there were no stars. Over the underlying mountain form the glacier undulated in a kind of huge billow. To get around the face of one of these, hundreds of feet high, I went some distance westward and climbed to the surface above by a cliff of rocks.

Here I was about 8,000 feet high. The clouds had decreased. The moon in her last quarter cut with keenest brilliancy against the black sky; and Venus, the morning star, shone with extraordinary brightness. Beyond the serrate shoulder of the mountain the faintest suggestion of dawn could be detected. Often I paused just to stand and feel the majesty and the solemnity of the time and place. Sometimes I lay flat on my back and gave myself up to the nameless exaltation and exultation that such a mountain and such a morning bring to the heart of the nature lover. Every man to his taste, but I love the lonely climb, never yet lonely to me.

An hour of steady work, mostly backwards, since that

was less cramping, and I reached a small archipelago of rocky islets. Rounding this, I took my bearings—it was lighter now, and the sky wonderfully beautiful—for Gibraltar Rock, a mile away. Though I finally reached it, lack of training showed in my poor speed. Then came cliffs and chutes and tumbles of rock, much like those we had on Mt. Williamson, only these were not so steep. It is all volcanic, and forms most unpleasant footing, and equally unpleasant handling. The slope was steep, and a cold whistling wind fought me every step.

Reaching at last the place they tell about—under Gibraltar Rock—I clambered cautiously out, hugging along under overhanging rocks a thousand feet high, while below me things dropped hundreds of feet to a mass of blue crevasses. The going required care,—and received it. Rocks rattled from the cliffs overhead, and shot like meteors through space beside me. But I was too close under the wall to be hit. One was so swift I did not see it; I heard a *whizz!*—like a quail going ten times as fast as common—that was all. The places where drippings had iced over the slope called for especial caution. I got on well enough, but there were several rather wicked gulleys. At one bad one the broken ends of a last year's rope now dangled.

Some two hours of this work brought me to the worst place of all, where you get in the angle between rock-wall and ice-wall. Down the chute which this angle forms is a regular discharging-route for all the rocks that get loose above. One must cross the bottom of this and then climb an almost upright face of snowy ice and icy snow, more or less thawed and more or less covered and disguised by dirt from the cliff above, and thickly bestuck with insecure

rocks and stones,—the whole more or less rotted by sunshine, and more or less undermined by the water rushing beneath it.

As I studied it, I was glad I had picked up and brought along a discarded hatchet. People are supposed always to get past here before ten o'clock; but it was now after eleven, and for an hour the sun had been loosening rocks to shoot themselves down that throat. Still, there was less bombardment than I expected, though what stones did come, came with an appalling *whizz!*

It was no place to fool around and wonder, and I instantly commenced cutting my way across the bottom. Then in the same way I started up the hummocky ice-slope on the west. For a hundred feet I cut every step, and then crawled over upon the surface proper of the glacier. Though this was very steep, yet one could just manage to ascend without chopping footholds. Practically the last of the rocks were now passed; the rest of the mountain is armored hundreds of feet thick in one vast ice-cap, split, where the slopes favor it, into awful crevasses.

I was so tired, and the air was so thin, and the wind so furious, that I crept slowly on hands and knees, resting ever few feet. My hat I tied on with a big bandage, that somewhat protected my face. Above rose two glistening ice-cliffs, the upper lips, as it were, of two crevasses, with a smooth gateway between them. A few minutes after crawling through this gap, I looked clean over the top of Gibraltar. Good! I was 12,000 feet up, all the bad climbing had been done, and it was hardly past midday. But the summit heaved itself still 3,000 feet aloft.

From here the ascent would, ordinarily, be simply a tramp. There are abysmal crevasses, it is true, but they

are big enough to slide a village into, and easily avoided. I felt a little nausea, and had eaten almost nothing since breakfast. Twenty-five hundred feet above and a mile away a shining ice-wall rose from the smooth baldness of the white snow. It was the upper edge of a great crevasse. Though similar ice-ridges appeared below and about me, yet between me and that one the surface stretched in one unbroken sweep of frozen snow. Straight down this slope rushed the fierce wind, and along the bottom opened one mighty, blue ice-throat, the greatest of crevasses, probably hundreds of feet deep.

The sun could only thaw the first half-inch or so of the smooth snow; and even this half-inch was now decreasing, since it received constantly less and less sunshine. It was extremely difficult to get a foothold. And, besides, when I stood up I felt as if the wind might overcome my adhesive powers, and whisk me down into the crevasse. So I went at it on hands and knees. Holding the alpenstock near the middle with both hands, I struck it transversely, flat, into the surface of the crust, and then moved my knees up to it. Then holding from a slide by sticking in my toes, I lifted the stick and again stuck it down and carefully crawled up to it. Yes, and even so I had to rest twice to the rod. The surface grew constantly harder, and the gale blew icy cold. When I had made 500 feet above Gibraltar, I calculated that, even if I succeeded in keeping up my present speed, I should be five more hours climbing that slope. The air was painfully thin. Harder grew the snow; more savage and cutting the blast. Merrily bits of glittering ice swept tinkling by, flying or racing for the crevasse. I wondered, if I did not hold on, if I should lie there or slide down. I tried it and—*I slid.*

Still I crawled on,—a few feet and then a rest, a few more and another rest. As a quadruped I bore my weight on the tops of my fists, wherefore I had lame and swollen wrists the next day. My leather gloves, soaked, of course, froze as stiff as tin gloves. By accident I discovered that my fingers were also beginning to freeze; whereat I stabbed the alpenstock deep and straddled it while I thawed them into tingling aches that wrung from me some small groans. Then I crawled again.

At last Gibraltar looked a thousand feet beneath. I had reached 13,000 feet. For hours not a spot of the earth had been visible—barring three remote peaks. I looked down a vertical half-mile, and far, far out on an unbroken sea of fleecy and most beautiful clouds. As far as vision reached, this soft cloud-ocean tossed its cottony crests, and swept steadily and swiftly towards the southeast. There must have been 20,000 square miles of it in sight. It might mean storms below. Overhead hung the indigo vault, and the sun shot dazzing light. Just above the top and close to it there formed at times a lace-like film of cloud. Right over my head it scudded with a speed more like a waterfall than a cloud. As I rested astride the thick ash staff, a low, steady, musical note came to my ears. At first I thought the glacier must somehow be making it. But it was the alpenstock humming in the gale.

By this time it had become evident that if I gained the top I must stay all night in the crater. This I did not wish to do; and, more especially, I did not wish to get storm-stayed up there. Moreover, I did not know how bad the wind was capable of blowing, but I knew that if it blew much harder it would simply blow me down the slope and into the crevasse.

All things considered, then, it seemed wisest to turn back and descend while I yet might. I dared not go down with the regular glissade, for fear of slewing round and losing control of myself. I squatted, or sat, on one hip, and, holding for my life to the staff, edged slowly down. I kept wondering how I should fare in running the batteries of flying stones at that hour. By the time I got there, however, the sun had softened the ice and snow, and the passage proved altogether easier than I expected. Some rocks fell, not many,—also some big icicles. A stone the size of a small stove hustled over my head, but already I was close under the protecting walls of Gibraltar Rock.

Having ample time, I took it very easy; and it was probably four o'clock when I reached the last rocks of The Cleaver, and prepared to traverse the great snow-surface of the glacier. And here were the clouds. I noted the position of the sun, the peak, the direction of the wind—now much milder—and the run of the snow furrows. Thirty paces from the rocks I could see nothing but the snow at my feet. I supposed the clouds formed a sheet a few hundred feet thick and that I should soon come out below it. All I could see was an impenetrable, luminous mist. Once there appeared in the air very near me a lovely double rainbow.

I reached the island of rocks at which I had aimed, and thence set out for another that I hoped I could steer to. In general, thirty feet was the limit of vision in any direction, though occasionally a fleeting glimpse of the pale sun disc corrected or confirmed my line of march. The rocks did not appear. After a while the surface began to tilt steeply down to the left\* and the furrows to run across the

\*I have reason to believe that this was the declivity down which Professor McClure slid and was killed.



wind. There came to me a faint memory of something like that, with crevasses at the bottom, seen in the early morning. I sheered to the right, and began to "follow the ridge." By-and-by an astounding appearance showed in the eastern mists—I stared amazed at the round sun! I had completely reversed my direction without knowing it. Turning back, I set off again, though with a feeling of uncertainty, both novel and unpleasant for those rocks. And this time I reached them. So far so good; but it was miles and miles yet to camp, and every mile full of actual or possible ridges, crags, pitches, precipices and—chiefly—enormous glaciers with their crevasses.

The next incident was the finding of *tracks*—made a day or two before, and still faintly visible. Naturally, I followed them like a sleuth, cherishing a reasonable hope of being led right into camp. How could I know the people who made them had also been lost? as I learned upon meeting them the next day. But after two or three hours, I lost faith in the tracks, and put in another hour or so tramping back and forth in an effort to reach a certain sound that came by gusts from the mist-encumbered space, and sounded like a waterfall near camp. But I always pitched up at the edge of an ice-cascade, or a precipice of rocks, or else a hollow of air, out of which it was obvious the sound did not come. Two ptarmigan loomed up in the fog—bigger, at first, than turkeys—astonishing me beyond measure. They were queer-acting birds, and evidently much more at home than I was.

While I made a long crossing at the brink of a steep declivity of the glacier surface, the night began to darken. Having nothing else to do, and persistently refusing to be tempted by easy ways into going lower than I believed the

camp to be, I still followed the sound of the phantom waterfall. Very likely it was, after all, only the roaring of the wind-blown forests in the gulfs below.

A small but serious crevasse slashed across my path; and I noticed that it was rather near when I discovered it. I took the hint, and camped on the very next rock-islet I came to. It was as big as a city door-yard, and tilted at about the angle of some in San Francisco. But it revealed absolutely nothing—cliff, cave or angle—in the way of shelter from the wind and rain. I forgot to mention the rain, which had now been drizzling for some hours. Still, it was not extremely cold; the rain was of the Scotch-mist variety, and the wind, though it blew, did not rise to the violence of a gale. I put three stones as big as a water-pail in a row, chinked in their crannies a little, and lay down in the lee of them. There was just light enough to make out by the watch that it was half-past eight. It would be only six hours till daylight.

The minutes crawled by—ten, fifteen, twenty,—and the glow of exercise had died out of me, and I felt a chill a foretaste of what the night had in store—when a thrilling something swept by on the wind—something like a far-off shout. I could not believe it, yet sprang up and bawled lustily, and listened—no answer. Again I composed my bones to the stones of my bed, rested my head upon the canteen of ice-water, and shut my eyes—saying to myself that I had imagined it. But no! again I scrambled to my feet, certain this time that I had heard a chorused shout. Hard against the wind I bawled my answer, and flailed the rocks with the alpenstock. They heard me. Five minutes more and I slipped out on the snow to meet a search-party of nine hardy Mazamas, with ropes and lanterns, and a firm good-will to fetch me back to camp alive or dead.

It was merely the wildest freak of luck that they found me, for there was absolutely nothing to go by. I was surprised, and am still, that they tried it; because, by all the laws of probabilities, I ought to have been in the crater that night. I never dreamed of causing them any anxiety, unless I failed to appear by the next evening. But, as it turned out, it was very fortunate for me that they took another view of it.

As quickly as possible I accounted for myself, and stepped into Captain Skinner's restaurant tent, by the fire. One of the young women brought me—my blessing shall ever follow her!—a good drink of hot milk—better than barrels of whiskey. And that night I slept in a tent, under blankets, alongside of a hot camp-stove.

I felt no stiffness, except in my wrists, the next day, and walked down to Longmire's Springs with normal pleasure.

As to the best way to go up that mountain, I'm "of the same opinion still." That is, given reasonable weather and a climber in reasonable condition, and I still think that the least exhausting way would be to start as I did and make the summit at one march, reaching there about three in the afternoon. This would leave five hours, which is quite enough, of daylight in which to get back to camp. Moreover, it has several times been done in this way, and some experienced climbers up there also hold this view.

NOTES AND CORRESPONDENCE.

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*In addition to longer articles suitable for the body of the magazine, the editor would be glad to receive brief memoranda of all noteworthy trips or explorations, together with brief comment and suggestion on any topics of general interest to the Club.*

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The Kaweah River and its neighboring ranges are attracting more and more attention from mountain lovers. In August of last year, a party made up of Messrs. Robert L. Hill, G. W. Hill and W. H. Perkins, of Tulare County, started from Eshorn Valley for a trip with pack-animals to the headwaters of the Kern River, and thence to Mt. Whitney. They proceeded in an easterly direction, crossing the north fork of Kaweah River, nearly due south of Baldy Mountain, then following the divide to the north of Dome Rock, where excellent camping-ground was found. From this place they followed the main cañon of the north fork of the Kaweah about three miles, thence crossing the Divide, traveled southwesterly along the government patrol route through the Sequoia National Park. Leaving this trail at Willow Meadow, they took a northeasterly course along the main Marble Fork of the Kaweah River, to a small meadow lying south of Mt. Silliman.

From this point easterly, good traveling was found along the north bluff of the Marble Fork to within three miles of its headwaters, where a small tributary from the north was ascended to the summit of the main dividing ridge. This divide was crossed about one mile north of Moose Lake, and followed until a perpendicular wall several hundred feet in height blocked the way. The extreme head of Buck Cañon was then entered, and the route pursued in a northeasterly course through a mass of boulders to a point four miles from the main Kaweah peaks. Here the animals were left, and a passage on foot attempted across the main western crest to the Kern River side.

The pass, however, which had seem practicable from a distance, was found, on nearer inspection, to be a part of the perpendicular wall partially surrounding the headwaters of a tributary of Roaring River. Here the Sierra Club seal was painted upon a large, smooth rock. As considerable work would have been required to make the pass feasible for animals, the party concluded to retrace their steps from this point.

It will thus be noticed that this party has ascended the Marble

Fork on its northern side, and traversed the table-land between the Marble Fork and Buck Cañon, passing across the head of that cañon to the Middle Kaweah.

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The committee of the Sierra Club appointed for the purpose of securing headquarters for the Club in the Yosemite Valley, has performed its work most efficiently, as the following extracts from its report will show:—

YOSEMITE VALLEY, June 9, 1898.

*To the President and Board of Directors of the Sierra Club:*

GENTLEMEN:—We wish to report the following progress in connection with the Sierra Club headquarters in Yosemite Valley.

The agreement made with the Board of Yosemite Commissioners last fall, was that the building known as the Sinning Cottage be repaired by that Board for the use of the Sierra Club as a bureau of general information. The Club was to furnish the house, and keep there all its publications, maps and collections relating to the high Sierra. The salary of the attendant during the summer months was to be borne equally by the Club and the Board of Commissioners. In return for their share of the expense, the attendant was to assist the Guardian by directing campers to their grounds, and giving general information concerning the Valley to visitors during his absence.

Your committee wishes to state that the above agreements have been carried out. The Sinning Cottage contains two rooms, a large one in front, and a small one in the rear. The former contains a large extension-table for books, periodicals, newspapers, etc. On the walls hang framed photographs of the high Sierra, and all the maps in the possession of the Club covering that region. A large map of the Yosemite National Park, by Lieutenant Benson, U. S. A., has been loaned by Mr. Miles Wallace, Guardian. The small room is carpeted, and fitted up with a desk and chairs to be used as an office by the attendant. A cabinet will soon be constructed to accommodate the increasing collection of specimens, both botanical and geological.

The Club is to be congratulated upon securing the services of Mr. Wm. E. Colby as attendant, as he is so thoroughly familiar with the high Sierra and the cañons in the neighborhood of Yosemite.

It has been suggested by some members of the Board of Commissioners that the small dwelling-house adjoining the Sinning Cottage be fitted up by the Club for the use of its members. A number of sleeping apartments could be cheaply furnished, and a dark room constructed for use of members of the Club only. It would be well for the Board of Directors to confer with the Yosemite Commission upon this point as soon as possible, as in the opinion of your committee, such a club-house would be of the greatest value.

We wish further to state that arrangements have been made with Mr. George Kenney, proprietor of the livery stables, whereby members of the Sierra Club can obtain saddle and pack-animals for high mountain trips covering several days at the rate of one

dollar per day rental. This includes, of course, both riding and pack-saddle outfits.

The Club owes many thanks to the Board of Commissioners, especially to Mr. Abbott Kinney and Mr. Miles Wallace. Also to many of residents of the Valley who have contributed to the collections which have so far been secured, particularly to Mr. Galen Clark, and Mr. Charles B. Atkinson, members of the club.

Signed,

J. N. LE CONTE,

CHARLES A. BAILEY,

Committee.

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#### NEGLECTED ROUTES UP MT. SHASTA.

Within recent years the ascent of Mt. Shasta has been made so exclusively by way of Horse Camp and Thumb Rock, that it is often taken for granted that there is no other practicable route. It may be well, therefore, to remind our climbers that there are at least two other routes as good, and in some respects even better. Of the way up the long, sloping ridge to the east, between Mud Creek and Ash Creek, I cannot speak from personal experience, and I need only refer the reader to an interesting account of it by Mr. George S. Meredith, in the *Overland Monthly*, Second Series, Vol. 25, p. 451. Its chief advantages are its comparatively gentle slope, its freedom from snow until the summit is nearly reached, and the possibility of riding a large portion of the way. The distance of its starting point from the railroad is, no doubt, an item against it in the case of the ordinary tourist; but not so in the case of many who visit the region equipped to range more widely. And, furthermore, I understand that a new lumber railroad, built to reach the forests about the eastern base of Shasta, is now available to bring the mountaineer quite as near to the starting point for this climb as he would be to the other at Sisson.

Yet another route is the one somewhat slightly referred to by Mr. Meredith in his article as "an abandoned route by way of the crater." It is, indeed, abandoned; I have heard of no ascent by it since my own, on July 31, 1883. Yet, as compared with the regular "Sisson trail," which I had tried on a previous ascent, the advantages seem heavily on the side of the crater route. As important items in the account, I would name the more varied interest afforded by the crater itself, and the Whitney glacier, with the wonderful snow-grottoes at its head; the shortening of the climb by a thousand feet or more through the greater elevation of the night camp; the better footing — mostly on firm rock or on hard snow; the more even grade throughout; the escape from the insufferable heat and glare of the climb up a long snow-trough

directly facing the sun,—for here the snow-field may be traversed in shadow; and lastly, the escape from the falling stones which come thundering down the ravine as soon as the sun has thawed them from their perch on the crags at its head. A brief account of my own climb will, perhaps, serve better to indicate the route than a more formal set of directions.

Leaving Sisson in the afternoon, we followed the regular trail to within, perhaps, a mile and a half of Horse Camp. Here, as the trail skirts the base of the great southwestern buttress of the mountain—the buttress of which the crater is the culmination—we turned directly up the ridge, picking our way over rough lava ledges, passing the timber-line, and finally bivouacking on the open mountain-side at an elevation of perhaps 10,000 feet. The spot was near an emerald-green pool of water at the foot of a long S-shaped snowbank stretching up the ridge towards the crater. This snowbank is a constant feature of the mountain-side in summer, and by its shape and position can be readily picked out from Sisson. Its location is important, since no other water can be had within a long distance. Here my guide and I were joined by three young students, who were to make the climb with me on the morrow. The guide, in common with all of his kind at Sisson, had done his utmost to prevent me from taking this route; and his preposterous account of its dangers had convinced me that he knew nothing at all about it. I therefore arranged to leave him in camp with the horses. Though we were considerably above the limit of living timber, about us were scattered the withered remains of dwarf trees that had once grown here during some cycle of less rigorous seasons; and these furnished our camp-fire. The night was calm, and we did not suffer from cold.

Next morning I was up betimes, breakfasted, and was ready to start at twenty-five minutes past three, or just as soon as it was light enough to see where to place my feet. The young men could not be persuaded to leave their warm blankets—so my climb was made alone. Its first stage was right up the ridge to the crater-butte. Shortly before I reached its rim, a level bar of sunlight had kindled its crags into flame. After some little exploration of the crater, I resumed my climb, crossing by a saddle to the main mountain, and then up the easy slope of the Whitney glacier to the Black Hill. Half way up I encountered a crevasse stretching in a grand curve quite across the glacier. It was not too wide for an easy spring, were one quite sure of his foothold on the upper edge, and were one not quite alone. Fortunately, a sliver of ice was presently found to furnish the intermediate step, and the difficulty was quickly surmounted. I paused a few moments to explore and admire some wonderful snow-grottoes

formed by the settling of the snow-field away from the enormous drifts which comb over the ridge in southerly storms,—and again to enjoy my favorite exhilaration of rolling stones down the mountain-side. The smooth, hard slope of the snow-field was an incomparable track for such bowling, and my position enabled me to follow the huge stones until they actually vanished from sight in the distance.

Save for the brief time spent on the crater-butte, all the journey so far had been made in the shadow of the mountain. I now emerged into dazzling sunlight on the upper plateau, and saw the summit itself directly before me. A few minutes more and I was there—at a quarter past nine in the morning. I am not aware that the summit has ever been reached by another so early in the day; and my exceptional time I am disposed to ascribe chiefly to the excellence of the route. I entered my name duly in the record book; lunched most refreshingly on crackers and hot bouillon made from beef extract and cooked in my tin cup over the steam spring; rested, looked about me, and dreamed for two hours; and then started down again. It was not, however, by the route of my ascent, but along the plateau westward, then down one of the snow-chutes to the south, and so diagonally across the ravine to camp. It was then one o'clock P. M. Siesta and dinner, and the ride back to Sisson in the late afternoon completed a most memorable day. Were the thing to be done again, I would suggest but a single change in the program. I would send the horses around to meet me at Horse Camp, and would make the descent by the usual route via Thumb Rock and the southern ravine. The combination of a fine climb over firm rock and hard snow, with the exhilarating descent of some three miles by glissade, would be simply irresistible.

With reference to the possibility of seeing Mt. Shasta from points about the southern end of Lake Tahoe—a question touched upon by Professor Church in his article in the present number of the *BULLETIN*—it is well to remember that Shasta, Lassen and Mt. Rose are placed so nearly in a straight line as altogether to prevent, it would seem, any such possibility, even were the atmosphere perfectly transparent. Mt. Lassen, however, is persistently mistaken for Mt. Shasta all through the region from Diablo eastward to the Summit, and no amount of evidence seems able to dispel the error. On any clear day Mt. Lassen may be distinctly seen from Mt. Tallack, and doubtless also from Pyramid Peak and from Mt. Rose. And even when the air is too thick to permit the dark mass of the mountain itself to be seen, it may often be picked out by the flash from the long snow-field which fills the great ravine on its southern face. It looks



then like a straight white bar rising unsupported and a little aslant from the northern horizon.

In conclusion, let me refer all who may be interested in such matters to the valuable information regarding these two great Californian volcanoes—their history, their structure, and their most recent activity—found in the studies of J. S. Diller of the U. S. Geological Survey, particularly in the Annual Report of the Survey for 1886-87, Part I, p. 401; in *BULLETIN* of the Geological Survey, No. 79; and in an admirable monograph entitled: "Mt. Shasta, a Typical Volcano."

CORNELIUS B. BRADLEY.

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The sketch map of the Kaweah Group prepared by Professor Dudley, which appeared in the last issue of the *BULLETIN*, was reduced one-half by the photographic copy. The scale, therefore, should have been given as four miles to the inch and not two miles as there stated.

## FORESTRY NOTES.

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Edited by PROFESSOR WILLIAM R. DUDLEY.

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In the January (1896) number of the "Bulletin" a plea was made for the establishment of one or more wild parks among the coast redwoods—one north of San Francisco and one, if possible, in the Santa Cruz mountains. Whether the United States Government still owned any considerable amount of this timber-land was then a matter of uncertainty, but it has since been settled in the negative by the United States Forestry Commission. Hence the questions now are: Shall we favor such parks? can we secure them, and how? under whose control shall they be?

The problem is a different one from the preservation of the great forests of the national domain situated elsewhere. The latter question appeals to one because of its economic importance to the whole people. The motive underlying the segregation and preservation of portions of the original redwood forest is almost wholly one of sentiment, but it seems to me it ought to appeal to the whole people also. It is a sentiment not different in kind from that which bids us preserve the homes of the greatest citizens of our nation, and talk of their great and good deeds by our firesides.

All of the timber-land of value in the coast ranges is now in private hands, and we can foretell with sufficient exactness the time when the first growth of the redwoods will be entirely swept away; but we would save certain representative portions from such destruction, have them so husbanded and developed that many generations of our people shall be able to look upon primeval groves of the loftiest species of conifer our civilization has discovered.

We have been accustomed to consider the Sequoia of the Sierras as the greatest and most wonderful—indeed, one of the rarest conifers of the world. It was fortunate in having John Muir for a friend, and now it is the best-protected species of tree in the New World, the Sequoia and the General Grant National Parks being established with no other object than the preservation of this species. But the reasons which could be urged for the establishment of the Sequoia National Park could be pressed still more strongly in favor of the redwood national parks. The red-

woods are much more numerous, it is true, than the individuals of the sister species, but the former is more difficult to cultivate, not flourishing well outside the ocean fog-belt, while the big tree grows well in many climates, and is certain of becoming familiar to a much greater number of people. Sargent has found some of the redwoods considerably taller than any big trees that have been measured, and we may safely set down the former as the tallest coniferous species living. If one is rare and limited to the southern Sierras of California, the other is confined to the California coast ranges, no other portion of the globe producing any living specimens of either species. Lastly, Mr. Muir is as much in favor of the redwood parks as he was of the others.

The small grove of redwood giants at Felton, Santa Cruz County, has been visited by thousands whose only knowledge of the species is from such a visit. If this grove is sold it ought to pass into the hands of the railroad or the General Government, its safety being probably assured in either case. During the past two years I have gone over, with some care, the standing redwoods of the Pescadero, the Butano, Gazos and Big Basin regions of the Santa Cruz Mountains. One of these tracts is especially fitted by nature for a park, and the whole is quite unfit for any but forest growth.

Of the available tracts north of San Francisco I know less than other members of the club.

This movement needs money, for the reason that the nation has given away all of these valuable redwood lands, and if we desire to preserve a few hundred acres as an object lesson, we must apparently buy them back. The influence of the Sierra Club has heretofore been largely advisory, although we believe that influence has been widely felt. There is no reason to doubt that its success will be equally great if it addresses itself to this more arduous task. Why should we not, during the summer, gather all information possible on available tracts of coast forest, as well as possible contributors to a fund, and submit the same to the autumnal meeting of the society?

## SECRETARY'S REPORT

FROM APRIL 30, 1897, TO APRIL 30, 1898.

One of the most important movements of the Club this year has been the establishment of Club Headquarters in Yosemite Valley, for the purpose of stimulating excursions to the high Sierra, and for furthering the work of the Club generally. A more detailed report of what has been accomplished in this matter will be found elsewhere in the BULLETIN.

Last October, through the kindness of the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Sierra Club exhibited the Sella collection of Alpine and Caucasian views. This collection is one of the finest of alpine views in existence, and it was much appreciated by those who saw it.

The session of the American Forestry Association, which was to have been held in Yosemite this summer, in which the Sierra Club was largely interested, has been postponed to a more favorable season.

The following have been made Honorary members of the Club: Prof. Joseph Le Conte, Prof. Charles S. Sargent, Prof. Wm. H. Brewer.

The following are the Directors and Officers elected for the ensuing year at the annual election on April 30, 1898:—

Mr. JOHN MUIR . . . . .	<i>President.</i>
Mr. WARREN OLNEY . . . . .	<i>Vice-President.</i>
Prof. C. B. BRADLEY . . . . .	<i>Treasurer.</i>
Prof. W. R. DUDLEY . . . . .	<i>Corresponding Secretary.</i>
Mr. ROBERT M. PRICE . . . . .	<i>Recording Secretary.</i>
Prof. GEORGE DAVIDSON,	Pres. DAVID STARR JORDAN,
Prof. J. N. LE CONTE,	Mr. ELLIOTT McALLISTER,

and the following committees have been appointed:—

*Auditing Committee.*

Directors LE CONTE, DAVIDSON, McALLISTER.

*Publications and Communications.*

Mr. JOHN MUIR, Chairman.

Mr. WARREN GREGORY,	Prof. J. N. LE CONTE,
Mr. T. S. SOLOMONS,	Prof. C. B. BRADLEY,
Prof. J. M. STILLMAN,	Prof. W. R. DUDLEY,
Mr. HOWARD LONGLEY,	Mr. JAMES RUNCIE.

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*Admissions.*

Directors OLNEY, DUDLEY, BRADLEY.

*Parks and Reservations.*

Pres. DAVID STARR JORDAN, Chairman.

Prof. GEORGE DAVIDSON,

Mr. T. P. LUKENS,

Mr. JAMES RUNCIE,

Mr. CHARLES A. BAILEY.

The total collected for dues for the year . . . . .	\$619 62
Collected for Yosemite headquarters . . . . .	48 00
Publications, etc., sold . . . . .	15 85
Total . . . . .	\$683 47
Cash deposited to account of Treasurer . . . . .	\$660 65
Balance cash on hand . . . . .	22 82
Total . . . . .	\$683 47

ROBERT M. PRICE, *Secretary.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.

Cash on hand, May 1, 1897 . . . . .	\$135 83
Received from Secretary . . . . .	661 04
	\$796 87

EXPENDITURES.

Printing . . . . .	\$316 62
Clerk hire . . . . .	62 40
Rent . . . . .	80 00
Janitor . . . . .	12 00
Postage expressage . . . . .	108 66
Stationery . . . . .	17 05
Typewriting . . . . .	2 00
Commission on collections . . . . .	8 70
Taxes . . . . .	2 10
Telegrams and telephones . . . . .	80
Lantern service . . . . .	10 00
Sella collection . . . . .	86 95
Yosemite headquarters . . . . .	40 00
Cash on hand . . . . .	49 59
	\$796 87

H. SENGER, *Treasurer.*



